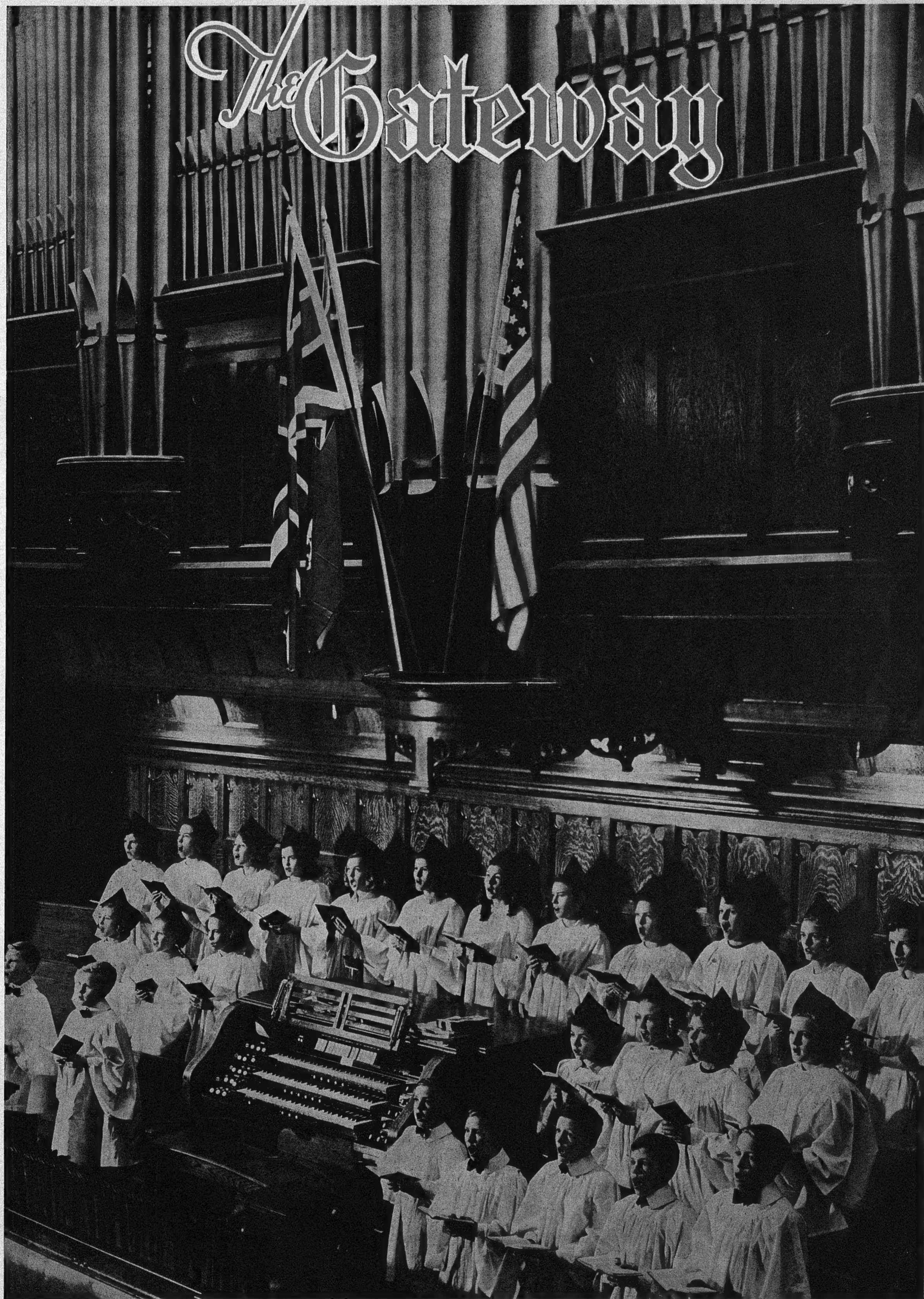
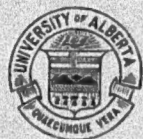


The Gateway



"Adeste Fideles..."

THE GATEWAY



Published each Friday throughout the College Year under authority of the Students' Union of the University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta.

MEMBER OF CANADIAN UNIVERSITY PRESS

Advertising rates may be had upon request to the Advertising Manager of The Gateway, Room 151 Arts Building, University of Alberta. Subscription rates: \$2.00 per year in the United States and Canada.

Phone 31155

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ADESTE FIDELES

Robertson United Church Junior Choir, in Edmonton, is the subject of the cover photograph on this year's special Christmas edition of The Gateway. McDermid Studios designed the cover, and took the picture with a special purpose in mind. We hope it will remind you of the heart-warming and nostalgic beauty of the carol-singing and that you will recall many happy memories of Christmases, now past. We hope it will help you recapture some of the spirit which is Christmas, and that this year on the thousand, nine hundred and forty-third anniversary of the birth of Christ will be remembered in the coming year wherever you may be.

We are thinking not only of the students at present at the University, but of all those graduates and undergraduates serving our country, the hundreds of former students to whom we send The Gateway. We do not forget them, we think of them more often than they may realize, and it is in the same whole-hearted spirit as that displayed on the cover by one little girl in the second row of the Choir that we wish them a happy Christmas and a happier New Year.

CHRISTMAS 1943

It is a seeming paradox—the Christmas message of "Peace on earth, goodwill to men," and the picture of a chaotic war-torn world with men employing brain and brawn to destroy and hurt fellow-creatures. The concept of a Jesus who taught love towards God and fellowman is apparently lost in an intense application of the principles of war. Fortunately enough, remains of the ingrained doctrines and ideals of Christ still exhibit themselves in the kind acts of the men and women who fight this year—we know that the spirit of Christmas is not dead. The Canadian soldier who gave a portion of his good white bread to the hungry Italian child still feels within him the dynamic of Christianity; the airman who shared his Christmas parcel from home with a less fortunate comrade has not lost the sense of giving that is so symbolic of Christmas; the nurse who bandages the wounds of an enemy, feeling simultaneously an intractable aversion towards this man who represents the people causing the death of her loved ones places the love of humanity and a belief in Christian ideals before temporal personal feelings.

Here at home, we sometimes feel that in the bustle of daily living and in the materialistic commercializing of Christmas something of the true nature and spirit of Christmas has been forever lost. Perhaps this is true, in a sense, in so far as Christmas is an outward affair—a matter of tinsel, lights and wine and song; perhaps it is true to the degree in which an empirical philosophy has captured the minds of men, or a Carpe Diem outlook directs the activities of youth; but where people have retained a belief in the inward life, where the little things like love, fellowship, kindness, the observance of rights and a belief in duties still hold meaning, the spirit of Christmas is not dead.

We have assumed a surface hardness. We have forgotten that we have, and have had so much, so very much. We have let our abund-

News and Views From Other U's

Canadian University Press

OSLO UNIVERSITY

We read in the McGill Daily that "All the students and the professors at the University of Oslo, Norway, except those belonging to the Quisling party, have been arrested by the Germans. There are altogether between 1,200 and 1,500 students affected, besides the professors. They are to be deported to a concentration camp in Germany which was erected solely for this purpose, according to reports reaching the Norwegian authorities in London."

The arrest occurred at ten o'clock, November 30th, and the students were not told of the reason for their arrest, or what was going to happen to them. Some of the women students were taken, too, but were released and ordered to report to local political authorities. General Redies said that the arrest of the students and their transportation to Germany was undertaken to protect the interests of the occupying power, and to secure law and order in the country.

YOUTH CONFERENCE

Five hundred representatives from all over Ontario assembled at the Ontario College of Education for a Canadian Youth Conference. Brigadier Brock Chisholm spoke at the opening, and emphasized the importance of getting to fundamentals and of thinking for oneself. He said: "Regard with suspicion all the ideas given you by your elders. Above all, think for yourselves and get to the fundamentals of the issues of our day." Brig. Chisholm considered the "welfare of youth," and asked the question, "What does welfare mean to you? Do you realize that it is necessary to recognize differences in the ability of individuals? Despite the dictum that 'all men are born equal,' it has been shown that they are not. This must be taken into account, when considering the welfare of youth, and the country."

ATTENTION, CO-EDS!

This is what the editor of the Acadia University publication has to say in an editorial concerning the girls on the campus in war-time: "Co-eds have always prided themselves on being equals with their male associates. In every field of endeavour they have insisted on being considered as equals. They must, therefore, be prepared to come in for their share of the criticism, whether justifiable or not, which is being levelled at college students."

"Criticism can be levelled at the women of the university chiefly on the grounds of lack of serious thought or purpose. True, every girl spends some time in consideration of the future, her future (for it is in terms of herself which the average co-ed thinks). The average girl lives from day to day and has a wonderful time, but actually spends very little time in serious thought. When she does think of the future it is in a somewhat egotistical manner, and either in the form of wishful thinking or of active planning for her own career." As a parting shot, the editor says: "A little constructive thinking now will go a long way toward making worth-while citizens of what people may call our 'scatterbrained' co-eds."

CHINESE STUDENTS

Bishop Y. Y. Tsu of Kuming, Southwest China, spoke at an informal meeting on the Varsity campus on the subject, "Students in China today."

Bishop Tsu stressed the co-education in the universities and colleges of China, which has been one of the significant changes of the last eight years. All social barriers which previously did not permit social intercourse among men and women have been lifted, and the ability of Chinese women and girls is now fully recognized. The Chinese woman now occupies a place in the community on an equal basis with men.

Bishop Tsu went on to say that the students, professors and clergy of China all live in poverty and starvation. In the universities no text-books are used because they cannot be secured, and the libraries are lacking in books. Pencils and notepaper are very expensive. He emphasized the great need of medical relief by both students and professors.

BIG PARADE

"Two Bits for a 'T.'" is the slogan of the All-University War Services Drive on the Varsity campus. The chairman of the drive says: "This is going to be the biggest day Varsity has had since peace-time rugby games." There will be faculty floats, a beauty contest, and a parade. The beauty contest consists of choosing a "typical co-ed" from fifteen contestants, two representatives from each faculty. In the evening there is to be a Cinderella Dance. The money from this drive will be donated to the Canadian Red Cross and the Salvation Army.

ance sweep us off our feet. We try to forget the little things, the sentimental things, we refuse the spirit of Jesus except perhaps for a few moments at Christmas time. We assume a pride, a superiority far beyond ourselves, and the little things that are really the big things are lost.

The spirit of Christmas is in the hearts and minds of men directing and strengthening their lives. Some manifest this spirit by giving of their lives in daily service to help the poor, the suffering and the maimed, others reveal it by lifting from weary shoulders those age-old burdens of injustice and despair; still others in walking the daily paths of righteousness and simple kindness. Wherever it lives it lifts and transforms.

A soldier stands guard, keeping watch over his flock by night. In his hand is a weapon of death to protect the persons and ideals in which he trusts and believes. Overhead the motors of giant aeroplanes carry their loads of destruction so that there might be peace on earth and goodwill among the nations. In the distance the star of Bethlehem still shines.

Personal Thanks

This is a personal word of thanks to those members of The Gateway staff who were willing to jeopardize their University careers, risking failure in their Christmas examinations, in order to publish this issue of The Gateway. May you have a happy Christmas holiday and be successful in your examinations.—G.L.

THE GATEWAY

OTTAWA CALLING - - -

Political Trends

A Canadian University Press Feature
By NEIL MacDONALD

One of the surest indications of the election which a good many of us believe to be just around a few more corners is the observable intensification of activity on the part of Canada's three major political parties. The situation in Quebec has clarified itself less perhaps than elsewhere in Canada, but even there trends are evident.

Justice Minister St. Laurent was quoted by Le Canada as having stated before the Reform Club in Montreal on November 13: "I am firmly convinced that . . . the plebiscite of 1942 has proved itself a wise and useful measure. It had, nevertheless, one altogether deplorable consequence; because the great majority of the province of Quebec registered a negative vote, a certain number of insects . . . have set themselves to exploit the coincidence which, for once, permitted them to count themselves among a majority group. . . . The regrettable contingency is that the plebiscite has put a little too much wind into the sails of the nationalist shop . . ."

The Liberals have not confined their activities to Quebec, however; hardly a day goes by without a Cabinet Minister making a declaration of some new, forward-looking plan which the government has in store for Canadians. Munitions Minister Howe, and his brave statements, if a trifle vague, that post-war Canada will be a land of plenty, are only symptomatic of a larger trend.

The Progressive-Conservative party is biding its time, according to best reports, and preparing a series of startling plans for disclosure to the Canadian electorate at an appropriate moment. Thus it will be in the happy position of a team which has kept all its practices secret, while closely observing the techniques of its rivals.

The present Ontario government is going to be the test tube for Progressive-Conservatism in Canada, and it is upon its records and achievements there that it intends to appeal to the whole of Canada. Premier Drew's recent flight to Britain to reopen "Ontario House" is undoubtedly linked up with a plan to show Canada that the Commonwealth ties should be kept as close as possible. Incidentally, such a plan runs directly counter to the recent statements of Agriculture Minister Gardiner, who has been warning Canadian farmers that Denmark will recapture the British markets after the war.

Events in western Canada have focussed recent attention on the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation. Mr. Winch's speech at Calgary has opened a wide field of discussion to supporters and critics of socialism in Canada. It has been suggested that this speech was a tactical error in political campaigning, that it has lost the support to the C.C.F. of a wide body of Canadian citizens who might otherwise have followed it, as is sometimes stated, in despair of the other two parties.

However, if it was a tactical error, it was rather magnificent. Looked at from one point of view, the speech would appear to be an attempt to secure the support of the liberals among the electorate for policies which were hardly more than mildly liberal, and, at the same time, that of the radicals, by methods and phraseology which were frankly inflammatory.

Christmas And The War

The Archbishop of Toulouse, Mgr. Saliege, who has more than once shown himself antagonistic to Nazi methods in France, gave the following courageous address to a body of French scouts when they were about to leave for compulsory labor in Germany:

"My friends, you are leaving for Germany. Under restraint? Or freely? It is not for me to know. One can be subject to a law without giving it one's adherence. You are leaving; that is a fact. What advice shall I give you? This, and nothing but this: bear witness to France, and to Christ. However greatly France may be humiliated at the present time, proudly keep your hope. Our cause was just; you cannot be told that often enough. If by our fault we have lost the war, the justice of our cause remains intact. Take to a foreign country the qualities of your race. Say to yourselves that you have a mission: 'I shall show what it means to be a Frenchman, a young Frenchman, eager, loyal, ingenious, a good comrade, and an observer who does not let himself be taken in by appearances, but who sees what lies behind those appearances.'"

"You are going to a country that has its own beauty, its own greatness. The Germans are a great people. You must not fail to recognize their qualities. But you must also see their enormous shortcomings. . . . You will see that behind appearances which are beautiful, something is lacking, which is not knowledge, but which one might simply call mind (esprit). It is a triumph of technique, of utilitarianism, and that in the service of force. . . . In the presence of this collective pride you will represent the French conception of life, the human conception, according to which the individual counts, peoples have rights, and men are brothers. The glory of France throughout her history has been the glory of the fraternity of humanity. A Frenchman who does not see in each man his brother would not be true to his race. An old-fashioned word expresses very well what you should be in Germany: 'Gentilhomme'."

"You will be witnesses of Christ. You are not unaware that Christ has many adversaries in Germany, who refuse to accept His doctrines of charity, pity and mercy. They refuse to accept the humiliated Christ, the suffering Christ, the Christ of the Crucifixion, the Christ who hides the strength of victory under the weakness of apparent defeat. . . . You will accept suffering with dignity, without complaint. Witnesses of Christ, you will be kind, good, charitable towards all men, whatever their race, whom you meet during your work. . . ."

"In July, 1902, Charles de Foucault gave himself this commandment: 'I shall accustom every man, be he Christian, Mohammedan, Jew or heathen, to look upon me as his brother.' You will agree that if you make this commandment yours, the fair name of France and Christianity can only gain by it."

"The Spiritual Issues of the War," London, Nov. 4, 1943.

Christmas 1943

By LES DRAYTON

About 1,943 years ago a Man named Christ was born. He taught the world a beautiful philosophy of love and virtue. Never before had such high ideals been preached. The established church of the day had lost its original beautiful teachings in a mass of ritual. This Man lashed out at it with great passion. The church should be giving the people spiritual guidance, and the church of His day was failing badly in this duty. He denounced its leaders, the Pharisees. Naturally, these leaders hated Christ. He was a revolutionary, a communist—and as all guardians of an established order they hated revolutionaries. They had Him executed on a cross.

Christ died, but his teachings lived on. They were in the course of time written and gathered together into the Bible. Soon his followers numbered in the thousands and tens of thousands. Here was a religion that was going to revolutionize the world. At various times the church fell back into habits of ritual as the Hebrew church had—but always some man would re-read the teachings of Christ and re-awaken the church. For centuries the church had a message for the people that the people accepted. And as the message of Christ spread, man appeared to grow in spiritual stature. He called it the development of civilization. He looked back on his for-

bears with their lack of culture and primitive religions with pity. Yet he was slow to adopt and practice the teachings of this great Man. Thousands paid Him lip service, but in no generation have there been many men who have made any real attempt to live up to the grand teachings. That was fine for the other fellow, but impractical. After all, Christ's teachings had cost Him His life. Could the ordinary frail man be expected to live up to the teachings of Christ?

The answer is no. As society has been organized since time immemorial, only spiritual giants could hope to attain such an ideal. It was beyond man's reach. Yet it was an ideal objective. And those who aimed at this ideal, even though they usually fell far short of the mark, made a great contribution to the health of society. The church as a whole never attained a much higher level than it had in Christ's day. Yet it has contained many outstanding individuals in all ages who have greatly augmented the spiritual breadth and depth of their peoples.

Although the Christianity of the white race as a whole has always been very superficial and shallow, it has been a major factor in giving it its position of dominance in the world. The vitality and superiority of the Christian religion was demonstrated by its continued spread. Today in 1943 we find that Christianity is losing its hold on the white race. Russia has for a generation been taboo partly because she has denounced the church. Recently two church leaders came out

(Continued on Page 10, col. 6)

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UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

Approve Report on Student Affairs

Alumni Association And Students' Union Send Cigarettes Overseas

Former U. of A. Students Receive Benefits

MANY LETTERS COME FROM RECIPIENTS

There is very important war work about which little is known going on at the University which should be brought to the attention of the students.

The Edmonton branch of the Alumni Association and the Students' Union have each contributed \$175 to a pool fund which is used to send 300 cigarettes apiece to 300 men and five women from U. of A. serving overseas, 200 each to two nursing sisters in N. Africa, and 300 each to four who are prisoners of war, as a Christmas gift. This work has been carried on since 1940, each year by the alumni, increasing in scope each year, with the aim of keeping the boys in the services in contact with the University and making them feel that they are remembered.

This year the alumni was anxious to have the Students' Union take a part in this work, and the Students' Council unanimously decided to help them. This, students, is one of the ways in which your money is being spent.

Alumni Sends "The Trail"
The War Records Committee of the Alumni Association is responsible for collecting lists of the names and location of the various U. of A. students now on active service, a difficult task, since the men and women in our forces are scattered all over the world, and are constantly on the move, and yet without this information these overseas comforts could not be sent. Working on this committee are G. B. Taylor, assistant registrar and secretary of the committee, and Miss Lockerie.

The Alumni also sends "The New Trail," a joint publication of the University of Alberta and the Alumni Association, which contains much which is of interest for them to all those from U. of A. who are in the services.

Said Mr. Taylor, who himself was a prisoner of war in the First Great War: "The provision of comforts for overseas University members should occupy a very high place in our thoughts."

Letters From Overseas
Here are some excerpts from letters sent in by the boys acknowledging the parcels they received:

From Maj. A. S. Donald: "I received the cigarettes today—very opportunely, as I had just been forced to buy a package of English ones, which must be smoked to be believed. Many thanks and best wishes to everyone."

Major Donald is in the Edmonton Regiment, has been in the Spitzbergen and Sicily shows. Took arts in summer school here.

LAC Jim Hall, a radio mechanic with the R.C.A.F. overseas, writes as follows: "I sure is nice to know that the old University is still behind us all the way. I can tell you I, for one, will always be proud of my Alma Mater. I have met several of the boys from U. of A. over here, and we are all looking forward to seeing the old school very soon again. Thank you once again. Sincerely, Jim Hall." Jim took his B.Sc. in Agriculture here in 1941.

This from Captain J. T. MacDougall, a captain in the R.C.A.M.C.: "Thank you very much for the smokes—they arrived while I was in Africa and down to my last Canadian cigarette, so they were an entirely unexpected and very welcome

Cafe Opens Jan.

Engineers Assist in Work

We hoped to be able to announce the definite date of the opening of our new cafeteria in this issue, but due to a few unavoidable delays that is not possible. However, we do know that the opening will take place very soon after the first of January.

Work is steadily forging ahead, in spite of shortages of material and labor. The Engineers deserve a big bouquet for the hard work they have done on the building. From all reports, it will really be a fine place to eat. Besides being clean, comfortable, and having an all-student atmosphere, there'll be with an efficient resident staff and up-to-date equipment, really good food on the campus at moderate prices.

So be patient, all you hungry students—your Christmas feasts of turkey should last you until our new cafeteria opens its doors.

Sponsors Fourth Program

The Evergreen and Gold will sponsor its fourth program over station CKUA at 8:30 p.m. on Friday, Jan. 7. Artists wishing to appear on this program are asked to phone Colin Corkum at 31954.

Christian Mission Will Show Basic Religious Truths

"Experts" to Visit Campus

We are made aware of the coming of Christmas by the early proclamation that there are only "so many shopping days until Christmas." On the University campus a more ominous reminder is the rapid approach of the Christmas exams. Our attention is called to a multitude of schemes for assisting the needy. Sign boards suggest that little children do not want Christmas to be a thing of the past. Santa Claus, or Clausies, makes a multitude of appearances in person and in the press. Magazines and periodicals present special Christmas numbers. And everywhere additional activity and bustle is accelerated to fever pitch.

But what is it all about anyway? Sometimes the heart of Christmas is in danger of being obscured if not completely smothered under this bewildering pre-Christmas busyness and excitement.

At the heart of Christmas is the gift of the Christ Child. "For there is born unto you this day in the city of David a Saviour who is Christ the Lord." And the coming of this Babe brought joy and hope, and the promise of peace to man. (Luke 2:11).

Can it be that what has happened to Christmas has happened to our lives too? Becoming immersed in the multitude of things to be done and with the urgent pressures of life all about us, are we losing sight of the heart of faith and of life itself?

If one of another race should ask, What is this great Christianity which means so much to your people? How would you answer him?

Mission Starts Jan. 23

The University Christian Mission to be held on the campus early in the new year is intended to assist us answer this question. In the clear and vital presentation of the basic truths of Christianity we may discover or recover those spiritual realities which underlie the Christmas experience, spiritual realities which should be the permanent accompaniment of all life rather than occasional experiences.

From January 23 to 26 a team of "experts" will be on the campus to help us all to settle the question of what Christianity means in our own experience. On the team will be Chancellor Gilmour of McMaster University, Hamilton, Ontario; Miss Gertrude Rutherford, Principal of the United Church Training College, Toronto; the Rev. Dr. Hugh MacMillan of the Students' Christian Movement, and Bishop Remington of East Oregon.

There will be a fifth member of the team, probably Dr. Taylor of the Vancouver General Hospital. He is taking part in the Mission at U.B.C. All the students on this campus who met him in Edmonton last winter hope that he will be able to be here again in January.

Discussion of Problems

Addresses will be given to students, and ample opportunity provided for discussion of the problems we have on our minds. There are many questions facing us as individuals and members of a community that we must not shirk. As members of a university we have a particular responsibility to bring our intellectual faculties to bear upon the problems of human life.

"The achievement of faith in God is never wholly a matter of intellectual effort. The heart and will have their urgency and lay upon reason its duty to interpret their testimony and furnish life as a whole with a cogent conviction. But the intellectual task cannot be shirked. Christianity has no secure ground upon which to challenge either the ruthless inhumanities or the specious inhumanities of secular faiths unless it believes rationally as well as emotionally that God is, and that the supreme end of man is to worship God and do His will. No new economics or sociology, no crusade for Christian social ideals will have much significance unless it is firmly rooted in a belief held to be true of the sovereign and holy God. Ethical Christianity is an unstable sentiment apart from such a belief; based upon such a faith it becomes God's specific activity in human history." (White)

Brockville, Ontario.

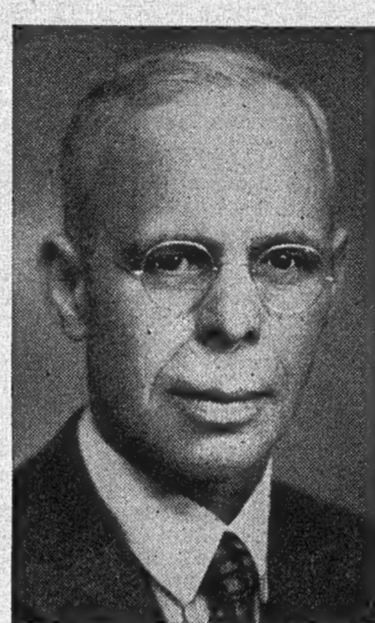
Of Things to Come—

Social Security

The topic to be discussed next Tuesday night, Dec. 21, in the "Of Things to Come" series, is "These Social Security Plans." There will be a break in the series during the Christmas holidays, with the succeeding broadcast on Tuesday, Jan. 4. The series is heard over CKUA and CICA at nine o'clock.

Christmas Message

The Founder of Christmas set out to change fundamentally the thinking of mankind, to teach men to measure values by spiritual standards, and to consider their neighbour's welfare equally with their own. Such radical doctrines threatened so to disturb the comfortable routine of the office holders and vested interests of those days that they organized a movement to get rid of him. That has not infrequently been the attitude of the world towards leaders who have made history.



Too few of us have the courage and energy to run counter to popular currents. Too many of us are passive spectators of the stream of events which constitute history. Yet we know quite well from experience of the last few decades that we must control this stream or suffer a periodic deluge.

Our immediate task is to win the war, to destroy the evil which has inundated the world. Then the building up must follow. We must replace negative evil with positive good. Peace and prosperity do not just

happen. Especially they do not happen in a spiritual vacuum. It must be our care to create an atmosphere charged with brotherhood, within which the nucleus of a new world can take shape, a world built upon principle.

"In principio creavit Deus coelum et terram." This statement, which begins an old Latin version of the Bible, might be rendered, "God founded heaven and earth upon principle." Unhappy the land that tries to order its affairs otherwise than upon principle. Fundamental law cannot be ignored with impunity. The golden rule is to men and nations what the law of gravitation is to the physical world. It has universal validity, final authority. Men may appear to flout it for a season, but in the end it exacts obedience or retribution.

Brotherhood and the golden rule are inseparable ideas. The one begets the other. Both are redolent with the spirit of Christmas, the spirit of goodwill toward men. They do not displace justice, but complement it. These three are fit building stones for the world we want.

Where shall we begin our building? "Do the duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be duty," said Carlyle. "Thy second duty will already have become clearer." In these critical times we all have a duty to exceed our ordinary capacity. You have been working hard to pass your Christmas tests; I sincerely hope you have been successful, and that you will return refreshed by the Christmas vacation for another term's work. Those of you who have not succeeded this time will, I am sure, look diligently for another way to help your country while the war lasts, and we shall look for your return afterwards.

To all of you I wish a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

ROBERT NEWTON,
President.

Faculty on Service

Many students have wondered about the faculty members that have joined the Navy, Army or Air Force. We have compiled a list, giving their service and rank. We wish them to know that they are remembered, and that they will be welcomed back when they return.

Students who have come to the University since these faculty members have left should realize that almost every department of the University has been handicapped, and that those members who are still with us have extra loads to carry, not only with a greater number of classes, but also because of the extra hours of work which many put in as instructors themselves, in the Navy, Army or Air Force.

Department of Botany
James Howden Whyte, B.Sc., M.Sc., Ph.D.: Capt. (CA)TC, Wetaskiwin.

Department of Dentistry
Robert William Bradley, D.D.S.: Major, c/o Can. Forestry Corps, H.Q., C.A.O.

Department of Education
Herbert Edgar Smith, B.A., M.A., B.Ed., Ph.D.: Lt.-Cmdr., R.C.N.V.R., Ottawa.

Dept. of Electrical Engineering
Ernest Geoffrey Cullwick, M.A., F.R.S.A.: Commander, Ottawa.

Department of English
John Thomas Jones, M.A., B.A. (Oxon.): Lieut., Nanaimo.

Department of Entomology
Edgar Harold Strickland, M.Sc.: Col. (CA)TC, Wetaskiwin.

Department of History
George Malcolm Smith, M.C., B.A., M.A. (Oxon.): on work for Ministry of National Defence.

Medicine
Lewis Gwynne Thomas, M.A.: Sub-Lt., Ottawa.

Dept. of Medicine and Clinical
Kenneth Hamilton, B.A. (Oxon.), M.B.B.Ch. (Oxon.), F.R.C.P., M.R.C.P.: Capt., Camp Borden.

Robert Kenneth Thomson, B.Sc., M.D., Surg. Cmdr., R.N.C.V.R., Halifax.

Edward Ferris Donald, M.D.: Black U.N.T.D. notebook, owner's name on inside cover. Please return to Gateway Office.

Consider New Office For Gateway; Constitutional Amendments Accepted

FRANK MURPHY REPORTS ON FINANCES

Building Fund Nears \$40,000

The Committee on Student Affairs met in the Senate Chamber on Thursday, December 9th, at 4 p.m. President Newton was in the chair. Dr. MacEachran read the minutes of the last meeting, which were approved as read.

Business arising from the last meeting consisted of a consideration of a room for The Gateway office in the new Printing Department. Last year the room assigned to The Gateway was found to be too small, and therefore the present office was retained. Dr. Newton announced that the room which had been built for the ladies' cloakroom was not being used, and with a few minor changes this could be adapted to fit the needs of The Gateway. Changes would not be made for some time, since the Works Department is devoting all their time to the completion of the Varsity Cafeteria.

The roof of the men's showers in the Drill Hall, which was leaking last spring, has been repaired.

Frank Murphy presented the official report of the Students' Union. As this report had not been audited, the general financial statement taken from the report was approved. The surplus from last year is expected to be more than \$4,300. The Building Fund after this term will total nearly \$40,000. Since the audited report was not in, Dr. Newton, chairman, appointed a committee consisting of Gerry Amerongen, President of the Students' Union; Pat Routledge, Vice-President of the Students' Union; Roma Ballhorn, President of Women's Athletics, and Dr. Winspear and Dr. Sheldon to deal with the report when submitted.

One other difficulty which Mr. Murphy pointed out was that since a portion of Students' Union fees was returned if the student left University before the term was completed, it was difficult to estimate exactly the amount of income from this source.

Jack Forster, Secretary of the Students' Union, presented the amendments to the Constitution. The first amendment, which admitted the Dentistry Faculty representative to the Union, was approved. Dr. Newton pointed to an error in the Constitution which listed the Pharmacy Department under the Faculty of Arts and Science, whereas for a number of years it has been classified under the Medical Faculty.

Roma Ballhorn explained the proposed amendment to provide five points for basketball players who have been taken from the Inter-faculty ranks and put on the University farm team. These players, while they do not play for the Senior team due to lack of experience, are barred from playing on Inter-faculty teams, and thus cannot be awarded points. The amendment was moved subject to the approval of the Students' Council.

Frank Murphy gave a report on the Christmas Fund Drive and on the Major War Drive.

Varsity Choir Carols Over Station CKUA; Has Party Afterwards

Women's Ec. Club Hears J. Pearson On "Allowances"

Describes Australian System

The second meeting of the Women's Economics Club was held on Nov. 30, at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Elliott.

An interesting paper was presented by Janet Pearson on "Family Allowances in Canada." The paper gave a short description of systems of family allowances now being tried in Australia and New Zealand. A discussion followed on the feasibility and need of such a system of children's allowances in the post-war reconstruction in Canada.

The next meeting of the Women's Economics Club will be held on Jan. 11.

FACULTY BADMINTON CLUB

Dance on New Year's Eve in Convocation Hall from 9 till 1. All faculty and staff members are invited.

LOST

Grants "Method of Anatomy." Name and phone number inside. Reward. Apply, J. A. MacKay.

On Friday, December 3, the Varsity Choir, under the direction of Gwyneth Jones, presented a program of Christmas Carols to the University audience over CKUA. It included such old favorites as Silent Night, Joy to the World, Hark! Herald Angels Sing, Infant Holy, Away in a Manger, and others. Being one of the first programs of Christmas music this season, it was greatly enjoyed by all.

After the broadcast, the choir took over the Stelck home for a gay few hours of partying. Some very intellectual (?) games were played, with Helen Ireland (keeping her eye on Norris) doing all the talking as usual. A beautiful solo was rendered (turn asunder) by "Gail, Gail" Sheesby, and a very dramatic poem recited by Gwyneth Jones. Madcap McCalla kept the place howling all evening. After a luscious hotdog lunch, "les hommes" retired to the kitchen to juggle the dishes, under the capable direction of "Housewife" Loree. The finishing touch was a lively sing-song on the blue and white street car coming home. A few of the passengers left looking a little green, but it must have been the swaying of the car (or could it have been the harmony, Ernie?).

Anyway, the choristers are all still alive, and right after Christmas (if anyone is still here then) will begin practising some numbers for a University Musical Club program. Until then, a Harmonious Christmas to you all.

Features

● A Day . . . by the Deacon

It was just another autumn day. The whole countryside was slowly turning to a warm golden hue. Fallen leaves, which lay in quaint patterns upon the cool bosom of the ancient earth, were frequently disturbed and rustled by the gentle zephyrs. It was on such a day as this that I strolled in carefree manner over the meadows' dying carpet to the sentinel cliffs of the capacious sea.

There I stood, exalted in my ecstasy, gazing away out to sea. Far below, the obstreperous waters lashed the weary rocks. Above, in a tensive sky of blue, a bank of immaculate cloud hung lazily. A solitary gull was tossed lightly about by the playful wind; while far out upon the horizon's arch, a small schooner tried to conquer the insurgent sea. I was viewing the wonders and miracles of God's creation. It was good to be alive.

Then slowly, very slowly, the fiery spectre in the azure sky began to

fade beyond the western haze. And as it went, bright silhouettes of gold were painted in the heavens. Finally it melted beneath the lips of the horizon to lift a distant land out of night's darkness with a glorious sunrise. The moments that followed were terribly silent; the sea grew calm; the breeze ceased sighing; the weary gull glided to its weedy nest; the schooner sailed slowly homeward. And as the tenacious fingers of twilight shadows clutched the craggy cliffs, another day—a beautiful, ordinary day—vanished and died forever.

To me it was all the hopes, the dreams, the joys, I had ever wanted, realized. To me it could only be surpassed by the next day. 'Twas then I wished that every man could live the life of darkness which only the blind know, and suddenly regain their vision. How differently they would feel. For just such a man was I. I had been blind; this was the first day I had ever seen.

Gift Suggestions

Gift Stationery	25c to \$2.75
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Lentheric Ladies' Sets	\$1.75 to \$4.00
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FASCINATING PEOPLE . . .

By Shirley Diamond

"This is Saroyan," a young man who began writing when he was 16 years old; and decided to give himself until he was thirty to prove that he could write. That he proved his point is even now being heralded loudly by everyone, including Saroyan himself.

William Saroyan developed his provocative style in a characteristic Saroyan manner — after a careful study of the pulp magazine stories, he dashed off ten which he thought followed the pulp pattern and sent them to the editors. Every one came back with rejection slips. This, Saroyan says, convinced him that he had to write in his own way, and not according to any set pattern. It has resulted in his highly subjective style that follows no formal narrative, and that has been both berated by critics and enthusiastically praised as "imaginative, fresh, and original."

When his first short story was accepted, "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze," Saroyan was beside himself with joy. He wrote critics throughout the country, sent them messages bursting with the news of the great Saroyan. But, when his first book of short stories was published, the critics, to whom Saroyan had written so enthusiastically, were laying for him with brickbats. They decided that he didn't write short stories at all; he didn't even write English; he was a "flash in the pan," a fraud, an egomaniac, a fool. This book, however, became a best-seller, and Saroyan remarked, "Maybe American criticism is too far ahead of American writing, or American writing is too far ahead of American criticism. I take heads."

Saroyan has a reputation for being a prolific writer, and he is frank in describing himself as a "natural." He has been known to turn out three stories a day for a week.

His debut as a playwright was made in 1938 with "My Heart's in

the Highlands." No two critics seemed to agree on what the play really meant. Most critics found it strangely touching, and said it won for Saroyan an important niche in the hall of playwrights. Average playgoers, however, didn't seem to know what it was all about. "The Time of Your Life," his second attempt, won both the Pulitzer Prize and the New York Critics' Circle Prize. He is said to have written it in six days in a New York hotel room. Critics talked of its "originality, force, freshness and humor." George Jean Nathan inquired of those who would ask what it was all about, if they would ask "what some of the greatest music ever composed is about."

Saroyan created a seven-day sensation when he refused the \$1,000 award that went with the Pulitzer Prize. In a long-winded statement explaining his refusal, Saroyan declared with his customary candor, "I believe that 'The Time of Your Life' is a good and perhaps great theatrical work. However, I do believe in the essential and possible greatness of all my work, and I have always been opposed to awards in the realm of art." Wealth patronizing art, he added, seemed to him to be in bad taste. Critics were at a loss to explain his action, but one magazine editorial suggested that the resultant publicity Saroyan got for his rejection of the prize, "he couldn't have bought for less than \$1,500."

When the draft board threatened to interrupt his work, a friend suggested that he should get married and raise a family. He replied that there wasn't enough time. "There is," said the friend, "for Saroyan."

RECOLLECTIONS

The Freshy Hat

By Jack Yates

It is unfortunate, I think, that such manifestations of the spirit of our University, as the Freshy hat of old, must be swept away by the rigor of our times. For Freshy hats were a manifestation of our University spirit, weren't they? They recalled the new days here; the fresh days; the days when we came to lectures aflame with ambition, and stiffened with determination to hit this thing called culture hard—hard enough to break it up, analyze it, and digest it. Yes, Freshy hats were a part of our experience then, and we clung to them as we cling to memories—in an attempt to build a barrier against a possibly less pleasant future. Where have those hats gone? Some to the attics, I suppose, and some to the incinerators. But let me tell you of one Freshy hat—one symbol of the spirit of this institute of higher learning.

It was at Fort Smith that I first saw this hat. Here, where the half-breeds love to sit in the summer sun, and Americans are driven to sit in smoldering smudges, and where Canadians perspire, and bustle, and hurry, this Freshy hat appeared one day. It was a high school boy who wore it, and many a happy day it must have seen, for there was much laughter, and eagerness, and optimism among the group of young friends who accompanied the owner. Where he obtained it, I do not know. There were six of them then. Six happy boys who attacked with body and soul the grinding work of loading barges bound for places like Coppermine, Aklavik and Arctic Red River. Six happy boys whose work made the hulking stevedores grovel, and rumble, and squirm with uneasiness, which had possibly a thread of shame in it.

But they did not stay for long in this busy human ant-hill below the rapids of the Slave River. One day they steamed away on a Hudson's Bay boat, bound for the Arctic. It must have been a glorious adventure to them then, that trip down the Slave, across Great Slave lake, and on, upon the great Mackenzie.

I followed them part way some weeks later. We slid upon a smooth, watery highway which ran between dark, mysterious, bristling forests of spruce and pine and fir and poplar. The low banks were sometimes splashed with the vivid fire weed, sometimes bare and sandy where the water had undercut, and sometimes level and refreshing where the trees drew aside to leave a tiny, grassy meadow. Here and there is a saw-mill, or a trapper's cabin, or an Indian tepee. But for miles between there is only the forest, and the bank and the river. The highway of the Slave winds much, and slips mudily and sluggishly along towards its mouth at the Great Slave Lake shore.

Here, where it breaks from its banks, lives a man, alone. In winter he is a trapper, in summer he keeps the beacon lights which guide the boats bound in from the lake. He is a great lover of animals, having a group of friends consisting of a dog, a squirrel, a weasel, and two mice. He told me once he had had four mice before he adopted the weasel. And over this little group he reigns on the swampy shore of the mouth of the Slave.

We crossed Great Slave Lake many times, much to the distress of at least one stomach. I hope

there is no stormier body of water in the world. But in spite of the fact that it is as big and cold and cruel as winter itself, yet it has its colorful myriad of rock islands to the east, its unknown wealth of gold to the north, and the everlasting, flowering forest to the west. After the mud of the Slave once settles from its water it is a clear, ever-changing, shimmering of colors, but impenetrable by the eye after a few of its hundreds of dark flet of depth. We saw the place where the Mackenzie starts, and swoops around its many islands. Cold and strong is this mighty stream, too. We stopped here, but the Freshy hat had gone on down the river to see Fort Simpson, Fort Wrigley, Fort Norman and Tuktoyaktuk. It had gone where Mackenzie had been the first white man to go. It had gone through hundreds of miles of wild north country governed by the Mounties, and ruled by the bear and the wolf. It had gone where many a boyish dream had gone before.

The Freshie hat came back, and we met it again at the source of the Mackenzie. The group of boys were still intact—except for one. One never came back, for he had slipped from a barge early one morning. They were not quite so happy now, these youngsters, but still they laughed. One had bought a police dog pup in MacPherson, and by the time it had reached Fort Smith it was spoiled beyond all hope of education. One had grown a beard—a little thin, perhaps, but still a beard. But their adventure was drawing to a close, and home was just over the horizon, warm and comfortable, and friendly. Home—with parents and friends to listen to tales of Canada's great north! But with one friend less.

We left them for the last time at Fort Smith. We went once more to the Mackenzie, and they to their homes in Edmonton and Calgary. We had a stormy crossing of the lake that time. That first morning, for instance, I awoke to see the wall going around in circles, and to feel my stomach going in the opposite direction. The fresh, cold air of the lake felt good when I finally reached the deck then, but trouble was all around us. The sky was angry, the wind was strong, and the barge we were towing was taking water. None too soon, we reached the lee of an island where the waves no longer washed over the barge, and where we could pump it comparatively dry again. Finally the wind went down, the water became calmer, and we proceeded to our destination. But a great deal of our good fortune was due to the fact that we had a number of passengers on board who gave us willing hands in help. One of these was particularly interesting. His mouth was rather small for his tongue, it seemed, for it hung upon; his forehead was low, and dark from tan and grime; his eyes were dull, and slow, and unintelligent; his body was short, and square, and powerful. Someone told me he was part Indian. Someone else told me he had just been released from jail. Be that as it may, we left him where the Mackenzie swoops around its many islands, and the last I saw of him he had still on his head that same Freshy hat—the symbol of the spirit of our University—our place of higher, cultured learning. I wonder where it is today.

The Critic's Column

By JIM SPILLIOS

Dear Reader:

This being my last spasm as a critic in the G-way, I would like to tell you why the column was written in the first place. A few of the many people who read this column have made kindly remarks about it. The most common remark being something about pouring acid over the page. I agree perhaps that it was caustic at times. Some have asked, "Isn't there a movie you like?" There are. I have given favorable reviews, although few and far between, to movies which I thought justified their existence. But my humble crusade was motivated by the fairy tale.

If a movie is to be a fairy tale, let the producer state that it is another Wizard of Oz, so that we may enjoy it as such. But when the picture deals with incredible members of the species homo-sapiens, with impossible situations; when the picture makes exasperating demands on human credulity, it is time that some criticism is made of Hollywood's mass-production. One charmed soul mentioned that the purpose of going to a movie was to enjoy being fooled. Well, when a movie deals with human problems (and the movies' treatment always leaves a strong impression on the cerebral cortex), then the least the audience could demand is a truthful treatment. The great problem besetting most people today is the distinction between fantasy and reality. What we think and would like to believe is going on is quite a different matter from what actually is going on. If we see a picture a week, dealing with the former, and we accept it; then the

statement, a sucker is born every minute, is justified. However, I have taken the optimistic stand that one is not born every minute, but every three minutes only; hence my column.

If Hollywood could realize that the public does not like fanciful treatment of war and death, disease and heart-break, then perhaps youngsters and overgrown youngsters would get some value out of a serious movie.

I'm not opposed to fantasies and fairy tales; I still read them, as a matter of fact. I am not opposed to musicals, except when they get a half-asinine plot to tie them together. But what I do oppose is that the most important force in the entertainment world should fall so far below its strength and possible value by the selection of crass material. Also, I am opposed to unreal performances by actors, especially those slick facile actors, like Sir Cedric Hardwicke. In other words, the least we could expect is good technique on the part of the director, and some effort on the part of an actor to be a human being.

In passing, I would like to say I consider Walt Disney one of the great men of today.

And here are a few messages I have received from various distinguished personages:

Dear Mr. Spillios: As we hear that this is to be your last effusion this season, we think it only just, in due recognition of your splendid work among us, to present you with some small symptom of recognition, some small momentum, before you leave us. Though you treat your subject with vitriolic vehemence, though your style is

rotten and yourself a heck of a nuisance trying to get someone to type for you all the time, we still love you, Jim. Every night we'll rue the day you left us.

Signed, THE SCRIBES.

Thank you, Scribes, that makes the feeling mutual.

Dear Mr. Spillios: It is hardly possible to exaggerate the significance of the Critic's Column in the affairs of the world today. In these days of spiritual darkness and moral uncertainty, these days of moral uncertainty and spiritual darkness, it is impossible to over-estimate the significance and inconsequentiality of a column such as yours. The spiritual interpretation of life teaches that all life is sacred; otherwise you would be shot.

I would like once again to say here that we should pay tribute to Canada's magnificent achievement in the unprecedented crisis of this present struggle against the forces of anarchy.

Signed, RT. HON. MACKENZIE KING, Prime Minister of Canada.*

We reply with a quotation from Shakespeare:

"Oh, hell! what have we here?"—Act 2, Sc. 7, Merchant of Venice.

*It is suspected that some of these letters may be forgeries.

Dear Mr. Spillios: In the darkest days, of blood, toil, sweat and tears, Canada, under your inspiration, remained confident and true. Now the days are brighter, and when victory is won, you will be able to look back with just pride upon a record surpassed by none.

CHURCHILL.

Dear Mr. Spillios: Yah she mush. Dobra, dobra. Tovarich.

J. STALIN.

Spesibal Desvidanya, tovarich.

Dear Mr. Spillios: Schlemel, I'm including you out!

Yours respectfully, SAMUEL GOLDWYN.



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Theatre Directory

EMPRESS—Running for one week starting Friday, "The City That Stopped Hitler," Stalingrad, and "Adventures of a Rookie."

STRAND—Friday, Saturday and Monday, "Lucky Jordan" with Alan Ladd; also Don Ameche and Hazel Scott in "Something to Shout About." Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, "Commandos Strike at Dawn," with Paul Muni; also Donald O'Connor and Gloria Jean in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

GARNEAU — Friday and Saturday, "Jitterbugs" with Laurel and Hardy, plus "Bombers Moon," with George Montgomery. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, "Alaska Highway," plus "Mississippi." Thursday, Friday and Saturday, "Pilot No. 5," also "Stranger in Town."

PRINCESS—Friday and Saturday, Gary Cooper in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," also "Flight Lieutenant," with Pat O'Brien. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Bonita Granville in "Hitler's Children," also "My Favourite Wife," with Cary Grant and Irene Dunne.

RIALTO — Running for one week starting Friday, "Frankenstein Meets the Wolfman," with Patricia Knowles, Lon Chaney, and Bela Lugosi.

VARScona—Friday, "The Chocolate Soldier," with Nelson Eddy and Rise Stevens, plus "Sherlock Holmes in Washington," with Basil Rathbone. Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, "Stand by for Action," with Robert Taylor and Charles Laughton; also "Behind the Eight Ball." Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, "A-Haunting We Will Go," with Laurel and Hardy, and an added feature.

Take Five

"Twas the night before Xmas, and all through the house, Uncle Siphonlip McGurgle was stalking a mouse, which according to him, was scaring hell out of his pink elephants."

If there are two things that go together, they are the Xmas season and my Uncle, "Siphonlip McGurgle." Every Yuletide this long term liability on the family's books creeps out of the attic to share in the festivities and Xmas spirit (preferably bottled). Yes, Xmas is a time when all old family ties get together (and I seem to receive most of them).

Getting back to Uncle Siphonlip. I remember one Xmas, when being in a state of over-capacity, he was decorating the tree. In order to fix the star on the extreme top he climbed three feet higher than the top rung of the step-ladder, and he came to rest half-way down (or looking at it from another way), half-way up the tree. Nobody noticed him until two days later when the power failed, and he was the only part of the tree-lighting system still aglow.

And then there was the Xmas Eve he wobbled in late, put his socks to bed and hung himself over the fireplace. The next morning my young sister tried frantically to remove her new bicycle from his oesophagus.

One year Uncle Siphonlip decided he would get a job for the Xmas season. Out he went taking subscriptions from door to door for Xmas trees. A week later I had to bail him out of jail when his subscribers put in a complaint, presenting for evidence a wide assortment of clothes and shoe trees.

Uncle Siphonlip is from my dad's side of the family.

.... by The Deacon

As my dad says: "Yes, he's from my side all right—and one of these days I'm going to pry the leach loose." At times, though, Uncle Siphonlip is a handy character to have around. Every Xmas we have what we call "Xmas Breath Pudding." Instead of using rum as a flavoring agent, we use Uncle Siphonlip's breath.

This same character makes a point of going the rounds each Xmas day. After the first ten or twelve visits, his head begins to make him like a revolving door—he sits on the curb and lets the houses make the rounds to him. I once asked him when he first realized there was no Santa Claus. "Well," he said between burps, "I believed in ole Saint Nick up until the last Great War. But when prohibition came in I knew it was a blast."

The amusing part is Uncle Siphonlip is an ex-college man. He was registered in Honors Chemistry. The discovery came in his second lab experiment. He was supposed to end up with nitrogen sulphate. As he says, "I got off the track and ended up with 'ryeogin's myfate'." And since that day it has been. As a matter of fact, he has been elected for the last 20 years as "The number one argument for temperance."

So that is my Uncle Siphonlip McGurgle. The guy who says, "The test of true love is the character who doesn't give his girl anything for Xmas, and can still get a date with her after Xmas."

To all who "Take Five," may your stockings be as well filled as Betty Grable's. And may the song, "I'll Be Around," apply to all in regard to your examinations.

P.S.—"Xmas comes but once a year, And I hang mistletoe from ear to ear."

slide rule slants

It seems that no matter what form you poke fun at some elements around here, they are bound to label it "smutty" and go out to make life miserable for you. Why anything other than fun should be poked in these columns is beyond our comprehension. However, those who are looking for smutty material will always find it, and they will read these columns to fit their own warped minds.

The Engineers have never yet tried deliberately to hurt anyone, and there is no reason to start now.

That worried look that appeared on every Engineer's face these past few weeks has not been caused, as most people thought, by the prox-

imity of examinations. Those faces have now blossomed forth with Churchill Stogies to celebrate a new arrival on the E.S.S. Executive. It's another "Butch," and the proud papa is our honorary president, "Chic" Thorssen.

While you are in the midst of "Hitting the Books" for these Camrose quizzes, it might be interesting to study the technique of a few of those who have passed through these halls.

In the past (before Hitler put the lock on the wine cellar) there have been those who maintained that the best way to study was with Johnny Walker or old man Hennessy's Three Stars doing the punctuation for you.

There are still those who maintain that the best way to keep in condition is to take in every shot in town, or relax over four hours of snooker every night.

But probably the most unique system was that adopted by a bloke answering to the name of Bud Love, who graded these halls until last year. Bud had a system which he called "Love's Labors Lost," or "Put that Size Twelve Down, Sheldon, Put that Size Twelve Down."

The system worked like this. Every afternoon at four chimes our hero would leap into bed and stay there until midnight. Whereupon he would get up and study until Varsity opened at eight.

Why Bud ever started this system, no one really knows, but it has been rumored that he had a virtual monopoly with the Rosses on the Swing Shift (in case you didn't know, the swing shift is usually between four in the afternoon and midnight).

If any of you have cause to doubt this story, you might check with any of those who used to notice Bud's pajamas hanging down below his pants.

During his fourth year a civil engineer usually pays a visit to the local sewage disposal plants. You can imagine their surprise this year when a group of fellows tried to enter one of the nearby plants, they found an indignant caretaker blocking their way and threatening blue murder unless they made tracks in the opposite direction.

Now, the slide rule men knew that in some cases sewage was pretty valuable stuff, but they had no designs on it, and they promised the man that they wouldn't steal any when his back was turned. Even that didn't work. Finally they got it across to the gentleman that they were Varsity students, and that they'd just like to look around. But that only made it worse until they proved their status as Engineers by blowing at the foam on one of the tanks.

After that the poor caretaker explained his position. Apparently last summer, in the course of their studies, some Meds had paid a visit to the plant, and thereby hangs a tale.

Within the ground of the plant there are two large settling tanks which are used for exactly that purpose. Raw sewage is dumped into the tanks, where some of the solid material is allowed to settle out. Suddenly in the midst of the Meds' visit there was a loud splash, and one of the docs was on the inside looking out. Now, we wouldn't say that this fellow jumped in of his own free will, but you know how hot it gets in the summer—and beer has to ferment, too.

Well, the poor caretaker had to chase the bewildered and doctor out of his tank and dry the poor dear off. It wouldn't be fair to mention the poor doc's name, as the co-eds might have some scruples, but if you'll send your name and address along with two box tops from 12,000 KVA generators, we'll send it to you by return mail.

So when it comes your turn to visit the local sewage disposal plant, don't think that you're not welcome—it is just because they don't want any more Meds' polluting their sewage.

Best wishes, and we'll be seeing you.

THOSE DEAR OLD EXAMS

By MAR MACLEOD

Apparently one graduation present every University student gets free of charge is that glorious gift of advising other University students not to waste their time as they did, and—so as not to feel left out, I'm going to start advising too—or maybe that's just an excuse to talk about University, because I got that other gift at graduation too—the one which casts a spell on our life at the U. of A. and suddenly makes us realize that we never really lived till we got there—putting on those short years we spent there, a soft rosy glow which makes even final exams seem like a meeting of the Tuesday night bridge club.

But there I go—already you can see that the advice idea has passed away—I've forgotten what I was going to advise anyway, and all I'm dying to do is to talk about University for as long as the kind editor of The Gateway can stand it.

What leads to all this reminiscing is a little article I noticed in the

Journal about Christmas examination requirements which I guess you've all studied to o—and of course that took me back to one dreary day last winter when the same kind of notice in The Gateway sunk everyone into a month long frenzy of midnight oil, black coffee and cigarette butts—that was the day that Tuck was filled to overflowing all day (the Library was bare)—everyone had to skip whatever lecture was at hand to discuss the problem of passing those quizzes over a coke in Tuck. Worried parents received brief and dreary notes reading thus, "Sorry, can't write; have just found out I'm going to have to leave Varsity at Christmas. Lots of love, —Maise." (Usually followed by the familiar postscript remembered even in times of stress: "P.S.—I can't possibly do my Christmas shopping on the money I've got.—M.") Well, wonder of wonders, Maise did manage to pull through in most cases; her

HOMO SAPIENS

METAMORPHOSIS

By Patter Puff

One of the most critical and certainly one of the most bewildering stages in the development of a young male of the "Homo Sapiens" species is the stage in which he casts off his shell as a civilian and adopts that of a soldier. It is rather a long process, and very often never reaches completion. Frequently his development is not a balanced one. To illustrate: his body may become very fit while his mind becomes more that of a civilian from day to day. Or his body may become limp and indolent, while his mind is quite content, life just couldn't be this way in civilian life. Or an extreme the other way: the mind may become very militant while the body, unable to develop as quickly as the demands made upon it, becomes a wreck—a monument to destruction.

Ahem! To show why this could happen, let us follow the course of events that accompany this period of metamorphosis of "Yours Truly". In civilian life some knew me as "Patter Puff". I now have a number. After carefully wiping my feet on the "Welcome mat," I made my way cautiously through medicals, interviews, M tests and many yards of red tape. Everything was done in the typically army manner—"en masse," that is, all but the interviews. The interviewer, un-army like, handles only individuals.

An important step in induction is the medical. Since I belong to the clan of "easy blushers," my color the day of the medical was very good—passed category A1.

The way in from here was carefully supervised by several competent guides. (All members of the "Civilian Salvage Committee"). Along the way they insisted on my writing a test familiarly known as an "M test". The object of this test was to fit me by psychological means into some unfamiliar niche in this new life. The choice of the niche I was to fill was, of course, greatly influenced by the quotas there were to fill. But there were men on these committees who are able to ease one quite smoothly into one's unfamiliar niche.

It is often said that, "It is a long road that knows no turning," but it could also be said that "It is a long road that knows no surprises." While trying patiently to adjust my frame to a formless bench I noticed some C.W.A.C's with everything my bench lacked (surprise). Unfortunately, before my wolfish beam became focused they disappeared. Finally after a long wait, a soldier led me to a chair in another room, "another formless fit" I could feel. But when my eyes became focussed, the fit was forgotten. Now I realize before me was one of the C.W.A.C's—what a voice, what a form! Nor was it a dream; she was real.

Now my color was good, and I soon saw to my surprise there were others, all lovely. Since I had just returned from the North, this proved too much for my poor vocal cords. Fortunately her persuasive powers proved to be greater than my paralysis—she not only got answers to pertinent questions, but talked me out of my registration card as well. Soon after they asked me to kiss a book—what a request! Why a book with those lovely creatures about? I won a smile from one that left me tongue-tied for a week.

Now came the molting stage—change into army dress. A comparatively short period of time is taken for this, but there are often complications in the aftermath. There is, it seems, a way of wearing them. Now, many old hands have learned that boots carefully thrown are quite persuasive. One party found after a lengthy investigation that the largest class of inconsiderates consist of those who prevent you from grabbing forty winks during the day and extends to those who keep you awake at night.

Upon induction, I felt that to become a wearer of khaki I would become quite a man. But do you know what has happened to me? Now, daily, I must make my bed, fold my blankets, wash my clothes, iron them, darn socks and sew on buttons. Now, I ask you, is that fair? You've no idea how tidy they have made me. They even made a daily dipper out of me.

Someone has ventured a good reason for this. He thinks that some brass hat must have a very influential wife (does that make her different?), who has insisted that we soldiers learn how our better halves live. If I could only learn who it was.

Another thing that proved demoralizing was the fact that correct dress doesn't mean bow tie and tails. They insisted upon my dressing just like any other piker in the fence, the N.C.O.'s being the gate-posts (bigger and wooden headed). It's a great game—you should try it sometime. Shorts and puttees are good for laughs—the lanky and bowed limbs—I'll let you picture it.

There is one thing I very nearly forgot to tell you. To survive in the army, you must remember, table manners are not used. The word "Please" only gets results when someone is caught off guard. According to my theory, the surprise element is what counts. I became pretty hungry before I learned this.

There is no need to follow the metamorphosis through basic and advanced training. You now have a very general idea of what changes a young male faces in the various stages. In the end, you have a very fit and neat appearing young man. He may wish to be a civilian, but don't offer him a discharge—that "something about the army life" has him. If you don't believe me, try it.

parents weren't so lucky, after the nervous strain of going through three or four of those letters, but after all, they should have known better after a life-time of Maise. And here, of course, comes the inevitable advice — don't tell your parents you've flunked out until you really have. Remember, they've got nerves, too.

Pembina's Last Christmas

The last Christmas Pembina saw was, I suppose, just old stuff to her, but to us who were very green. Freshettes and who had accepted the Junior's advice "nobody works before Christmas" as gospel, it was probably the most hectic we'd ever been through. First of all, there was a "flu epidemic which swept through the residences and brought with it not only a temperature of a hundred and three, but a release from Christmas exams as well—I was one of the poor unfortunates who couldn't get the 'flu and the temperature in spite of all the mingling with the germ-laden invalids possible, but had to be satisfied with the exams instead.

There was one particularly dreary night when the poor misled Freshettes of Pembina suddenly realized that the Zoology exam fell due the next day and that we had been double-crossed by our friends the Juniors, and that if we were going to make even twenty per cent in that exam something would have to be done, and quickly. Most of us saw the grey dawn break after a sleepless night, during which we wasted at least five hours seeing how our neighbors across the hall were faring with their zoo, and finally in having hysterics in the pitch dark when a kind-hearted Junior blew out the fuses while concocting coffee on her hot plate to pour over our tired tonsils.

Along with memories of exams come pictures of those nasty little schedules we all used to make—you know, just like budgets—dividing up all you have to do in the time you've got, and then a week later when the time has gone, but the work hasn't, you make a new one. My limit was seventeen schedules for one set of exams, but I remember some curtains which were decorated with as many as twenty-five during one examination season. It's a funny thing, but all the reminiscing I seem to do these days is about exams—really, kids, you'd be amazed what fun they seem to be after you're fairly well convinced that you'll never write another.

Well, I've rambled long enough,

Oomph at Seven

A woman's most delightful age is seven. At seven she sits on a man's knee without hesitation, affected or genuine, and without putting the knee to sleep. She enjoys listening to him, encourages him to talk, and believes any story he tells. Her curiosity over what became of his hair is sometimes embarrassing, but her sympathy with him in his loss is unquestionably sincere. While unduly interested, perhaps, in the state of his exchequer and never too proud to accept pecuniary aid, she is no gold digger whose gratitude is measured by the amount of the contribution. For as little as two copper cents she will bear-hug his spectacles all out of shape, and he feels sure she means it. At seven she is more or less front-toothless, to be sure. But then she doesn't yet chalk her nose or paint her nails, and she hasn't begun to use tobacco. All in all, a charming age! —Editorial in N.Y. Times.

and my advice hasn't panned out at all—of course, if any of us were back we'd do a lot more work, never go near the Tuck shop, never leave an essay till the last night, and never have to do any last minute cramming (the foregoing is the theme song of every graduate). But, of course, this all leads up to the only advice I can think of, and that's—pass those exams if it kills you, kids. Take care of the University for us, and a merry Christmas to you all.

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and a

Happy New Year

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and

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Co-ed Parade

WELL, FRESHIES!

Well, Freshies, our first Varsity Christmas has at last rolled around—time enough to lean back and count our blessings. Of course, I'm admitting there have been points on the negative side, but generally the scales have tipped in the positive direction, haven't they? Our days have usually begun with the incessant ring of the alarm—that's not good, especially when it sounds like a machine-gun fired on a cow-bell, as mine does. On the other hand, our nights have been crammed with feverish study, punctuated by thoughts of service in the front or back of street cars, as the case may be. And those grizzly quizzes—well, nuff said.

But did I say something about blessings? Well, perhaps we'd better think for a while of the other side—the countless new friends we have made, of the thrills of the Waunetta, Ladies' Daze, the Prom—everything done on a larger scale than ever done at high school, but we all got into the swing of things. We really felt welcomed by Freshman Introduction Week—doesn't it seem years ago now? But there'll be time

enough to dig up the past when we want to impress the old high school crowd back home. So a word about what's in store.

However uncertain our future may look right now, there lies before everyone the Christmas holidays! Ten beautiful days during which the alarm won't ring, and studies will be forgotten. For many of us, it means home again, and everything that goes with home at Christmas time. But for all of us it means renewed use of the radio and chesterfield—without a twinge of conscience, that is. We can even thrill to the latest adventures of Alley Oop—refer to yours truly for a brief of past episodes (I never miss).

Yes, we never tire of Christmas, of presents and shopping (quiet, please), of turkey and pudding, the fireplace and Christmas trees. Everyone likes to hear the beautiful carols and the story of how it came to pass as shepherds watched their flocks by night.

What I'm trying to do is wish every one of you a merry Christmas and the very best in the New Year. Don't forget to look me up sometime—the Selective Service will be pleased to forward my address.

The women's fraternities have decided to send no Christmas cards this year, and Panhellenic, therefore, wishes to take this opportunity of extending Season's Greetings to all its friends—faculty and student-body.

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Christmas
Greetings
and
Best Wishes
for
the
New Year
to
Students
of
the
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The Balance Sheet

My mind is a perfect blank—perhaps I've been studying too hard, or something. But an afternoon of swatting at that Commercial Law is just about too much for my feeble brain. However, to get along to more interesting (?) things.

If you had happened along on Monday night, December 6, about seven, at the corner of Jasper and 101st, you might have thought that the Commerce Club was holding a meeting on the street corner. But, no, we were just waiting for Bob Purvis, who was to lead us halfway across the country (at least, so it seemed to us) to go on a tour of Aircraft Repair. Bouquets to the Freshmen for their turnout! They put the Juniors to shame—only one of them turned up at the appointed place—and even the Seniors ought to blush with shame, although they had a handful turn out. Well, at ten past seven (the hour scheduled was seven sharp), Purvis turned up, and we all gleefully boarded a street car, mobbing the conductor and everyone else in our way. Morley Tanner was complaining bitterly that he had forgotten to get a transfer from the other car—and in the hubbub, we overheard Jim McPhail trying to convince one of the Freshettes that you can get half-hour stopover transfers in Edmonton. After about half an hour of riding a la Tooner-ville Trolley, we got the high sign that it was time to get off. We were somewhere, we thought, but we sure didn't know where. However, a couple of Edmonton old-timers in our party seemed to know where we were going, so we just followed. We trudged along a railway track for a while, then on a wooden sidewalk. Suddenly, someone said, "Here we are." And so we were.

Well, the next thing was to get by the guards. Apparently they hadn't been notified of our visit, and were getting ready to barricade themselves in their little hut, thinking we were a bunch of saboteurs, or something. We finally managed to talk them into phoning the gentleman with whom our arrangements had been made—and, their suspicions proving unjustified, the gentlemen of the gate let us in. Not before signing on the dotted line, however, and receiving a badge which was a sort of pass. These badges were labelled "Temporary", and on read-

ing this, a certain Freshette named Peggy groaned, "But it won't be temporary after Christmas!" Bob Wilson just about got us thrown out when he asked, "Shall I leave my time-bombs here?"

The guard who took us around was a good-natured fellow—so the tour wasn't too much of a strain on him. He took us into all the various plants, and patiently answered the questions fired at him by the more mechanically-minded Commerce men. The boys made quite a hit with the women on duty—talk about winking, tsk, tsk—you should have heard the whistling and howling as we went by. After about an hour of finding out what's what with the place, we signed out and departed. The tour was fun for those who weren't too busy scabbing that night—and to those who didn't come, we might say that you missed something.

A passing thought: Wonder what scandalous stuff Ev Shiplett keeps in that little book that has caused so much talk in the Freshman class. Judy Shapiro found it after Ev had lost it for a whole week, but she says that when she noticed that the first page had nothing but girls' names on it, she figured it was sort of personal, and didn't go any further. We're told it's quite a little volume, and anyone interested in blackmailing should get in touch with it.

The Commerce gang has been struck with the wonderful notion of writing to ex-Commerce kids in the services. So far, we've noticed a letter being written to Bob Meston (he was before our time, so we were told we couldn't write to him). Something which we are sure must be original so far as letters go is the one to Clare Steilo. In the form of a balance sheet, only labelled "Unbalanced Sheet", the messages are written under the various headings. Wonder why the girls were told to write under Assets! The fellows even got together and bought Clare a ticket on the Law Club raffle. By the way, Clare at present is stationed at Camp Borden, in case you were wondering.

Now that I am thoroughly befuddled, I think maybe I'd better take a few minutes to rest before I get back to the Companies Act. Merry Christmas to all, especially the Commerce people (this class distinction!)—hope to see you after the holidays—I've got my fingers crossed!

WOMEN AND THE WAR

By M.H.

War has disrupted all parts of our national life, none more than the life of women. It has uprooted and rearranged men's lives, but its effect on women's has been equally hard. In war, woman's job has always been the difficult one of waiting at home, trying to keep normal things normal and ready to pick up at the beat where they left off. This war has at least permitted women to get a little nearer the front line, to do more than remain cheerful and pack food parcels. Besides the traditional nursing, women have taken over many jobs formerly held by men. There is still the waiting, however. Change and action can somewhat dull the sharp edge of loneliness and fear, but women are still on the home front.

In the first place, war upsets the normal future of most women, that is, marriage. A small minority of women really want careers; they want homes and husbands. With the advent of war, many are faced with the problem of whether to marry immediately or wait until the war is over. If they marry at once, assuming their husbands have volunteered or are liable for military service, they will have a few days, weeks, or, if they are exceptionally lucky, months of married life, but they will also have years in that curious pupa stage of being married to an absent husband—a state more lonely and trying than the single. Moreover, people change over a period of years, especially if apart, and in different environments. Letters are not a very satisfactory chain, and a few weeks of marriage is not a firm foundation for a future home. There is the possibility, too, of real widowhood when the girl will have to support herself and possibly a family. On the other hand, if the couple decide to wait, they may never marry. The boy may be killed. They may just drift apart. In the latter case, however, they are both free if they decide someone else is the right person. They have missed a few weeks of happiness, but perhaps saved a lifetime of misery.

If the couple are married, the wife may be lucky enough to be able to accompany her husband. This will probably mean setting up house-keeping in a horse stall or making a home of a piano box, but it has its

moments, and it at least bears a faint resemblance to family life. Anyway, travel is broadening. There are many, however, whose husbands are immediately sent overseas. These are left to stay home with the family, providing they have that wonderful cushion, or to find a job. In either case, they are living in a state of suspended animation, with the mail their one bright spot and work their only outlet. Some war wives try to raise a child. This gives them a new and absorbing interest and a strong link. It is, nevertheless, a difficult task, as child-rearing is usually a co-operative enterprise involving both parents.

The other aspect of women and war is the war jobs and the auxiliary services. Women have taken men's places in business, in industry, in transportation, in public utilities, in radio, and in almost every field. A great many women will be quite ready to give back their jobs the minute the men return, but a great many won't. They like the comradeship and the interest and excitement of working with other people, the competition and the co-operation, all of which are missing in the family kitchen. They like the monthly pay cheque. It gives them more money than they ever had before and a nice feeling of independence. Many like the work they are doing. A variety of new and interesting jobs is for the first time open to women, especially in science, and intelligent women enjoy the challenge to their intellect and ability. When the war is over, it will cause considerable hardship and bitterness to shift the women out of these jobs. The war has hustled women from their homes. It will take more than the peace to push them back in again.

Finally there are the women in the auxiliary services. These girls have voluntarily given up their freedom, their privacy, their pretty clothes, and the many little things that are so important to women, to do their part. There is, of course, their critics say, the glamor of a uniform. Not a woman's uniform. There is perhaps a certain thrill in the opportunity to travel and to be part of a group, but is a small compensation for exchanging your comfortable home for a bunk in a barracks, as anyone who has tried it will assure

How Your Blood is Used

Co-operating with the Department of National Defence and the University of Toronto, the Red Cross inaugurated its Blood Donor Service in January, 1940. Through a chain of Red Cross Blood Donor Clinics, thousands of citizens have made voluntary contributions of their blood. This blood, after processing, is shipped to Britain, or such other locations as may require it, in the form of pooled and dried blood serum for transfusion use among armed forces and bombed civilians, and has proved an invaluable ally to medicine in the cases of shock or hemorrhage.

This service offers an excellent personal opportunity to individuals between the ages of 18 and 55 to be of concrete assistance to those suffering from the hardships of battle. There is no more satisfactory or dramatic sight than to see a person, maybe a wounded member of our own forces, a little child, or a brave British mother, who, at the point of death from loss of blood, is rapidly brought back to life, the color returning to the lips and cheeks in the course of a few minutes as a result of a transfusion.

The term "Blood Transfusion" means the transference of blood from one person to the circulation of another. It is a minor medical procedure, but of major life-saving significance. In the last world war, the lives of many wounded men were saved solely by a transfusion.

The scope and value of transfusions have been greatly increased by comparatively recent discoveries of research workers, including those of Canadian universities. These have proved that by removing the red blood cells from the whole blood and processing the remaining serum into a pooled and dried powder form, it retains its effectiveness.

THE NURSES SPEAK

You have all heard that nurses are unselfish.

And lacking in ribbons and frills, We realize that after a day on the wards

We are apt to give people the chills. But believe it or not, we're guaranteed human.

And especially at this time of year, Though our shoes are worn thin and our hair's turning gray,

And the old age pension draws near, We all rally our strength and join in the chant,

Though it's neither unique nor yet clever, We'd like to wish all the old Varsity gang

The happiest Christmas ever.

A BRITISH MOTTO

"We shall not flag or FAIL." (Reprinted especially for students at this time.)

Was it merely the son of Joseph and Mary who crossed the world's horizon nineteen hundred years ago? Your own heart must answer: "My Lord and my God."

you. Life at an air force station or in an army camp is not just a prelude to matrimony. Socially, it is extremely restricted and not particularly pleasant. The comradeship of serving, of living co-operatively, has some attraction, but these girls, too, are working because of the war. They have been uprooted and will have to be replanted.

One of the most interesting questions to be answered in the post-war period is whether these changes and adaptations in women's lives will have any permanent effect. Will the new independence and individual personal responsibility remain? Will women keep the advances they have made as a result of this war, or will they slide back? Women moved forward a little because of the last war. Even a greater number will be left to fend for themselves after this. Perhaps the advance will be greater.

GIVE HIM BLOOD
TO LIVE



REGISTER AT YOUR NEAREST
RED CROSS BLOOD DONOR
CLINIC

as a transfusion agent in treatment of shock and other conditions. When placed in sealed containers, this dried serum can be kept indefinitely and given as a transfusion to a person of any blood type by simply dissolving in distilled sterilized water.

It is for the preparation of this life-giving serum that the Red Cross is giving you this privilege of enlisting as a Voluntary Blood Donor and of making this valuable contribution to our country's war effort.

The Need

The need is both great and urgent. The reserve of serum required for our Canadian forces in action is far from acquired, and great quantities, as well, are needed for Great Britain's casualties. The blood of five donors is needed for the treatment of one wounded man.

The Canadian Red Cross was asked to organize and operate sufficient clinics throughout Canada to obtain 3,000 donations a week, or a total of 150,000 donations for the year 1942. A minimum of 50,000 donors must be enlisted.

The Procedure

After enlisting, and when your blood is required, you will be notified by telephone or otherwise at least three days in advance of your appointment, and the exact time and place of this appointment will be confirmed by postcard. Arrangements will also be facilitated as far as possible for your attendance at the clinic, so that you may not suffer any unnecessary inconvenience.

The actual taking of the blood is painless, and if you are in average good health and between the ages of 18 and 55, there is practically no possibility of ill-effect. A local anaesthetic is given, the arm punc-

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AND MAKE IT A WHITE CHRISTMAS

VOX STUDENTI

... by YEHUDI

Dear Santa:

The way all the students are beginning to yawn over their books, Yehudi figured they probably wouldn't get around to writing their annual gimme's to you. So he decided to take matters into his own hands and tell you just what some of the students really want.

"As I was going up the stair,
I met a man who wasn't there,
He wasn't there again today,
I wish, I wish he'd go away."

(Oh, oh, wasn't going to bother you with my hang-over, Santa.)

Last week the Junior Prom was held at the Mac. Most of the girls looked good enough to decorate a Christmas tree (and some of the couples could have been placed fairly high on the branches at that). Among the crowd, Yehudi saw Jean Massie and Bob Renner, Cappy Kidd and Sheila McCrea having themselves a good time. Virg Thompson and Don Marshall were there too. Rumor has it, Santa, that Don would like to find Virg among the presents under his tree on Xmas. Kay Pike and Jack Jorgens, and Murray Cowan and gal-friend found the dance not quite as dull as they expected at first. One of the fellows at the dance came up to me and whispered urgently:

"One night I met when stepping out,
A gal who wasn't thereabout,
I said 'Hel-lo!' And how are you?"

She didn't say, so I never knew.
Santa, Mart Kenny distracted many students from their books, but don't hold it against us, please pass us all—except the ones who heard him on both Friday and Saturday.

You don't need to bother much with Sylvia Ness, Santa; she already has her Xmas present—a little black spaniel pooch. Yehudi hears that Garth and Sylvia are going to take turns looking after it. What will happen after graduation?

And Santa, I thought I'd better tell you that some of the fellows are going up to Banff over the holidays, so please arrange for some pretty girls to be up there, in case the boys forget.

Jean Selkirk isn't having much trouble deciding who she wants for Christmas, but Barbara Bunn, Doris Tanner, and Jean Farley can't seem to make up their minds. Guess they need a little help, Santa.

"As I was letting down my hair,
I met a gal who didn't care,
She didn't care again today—
I love 'em when they get that way."

Every man in the Chem. 40 class would like to find sweater-girl Eileen Duke on his Christmas tree. Don't know how you're going to fill that large order, Santa Claus, but see what you can do.

For Christmas, Gordie Weir wants a paper doll he can call his own; Bob Buckley wants Jean Kaiser (or

vice versa?) under the mistletoe; Foxlee is begging for an old liquor permit; Marg Lipsey is crying for a subscription to Esquire.

"Some girls break your heart in two,
Some girls fawn and flatter,
Some girls never look at you,
And that cleans up the matter."

Louis Lebel arrived home from the north in time to make one girl at Varsity happy for Christmas. (Did he borrow your reindeer for the trip, Santa?)

At the supper dance on Saturday, Bob Robertson told Yehudi he wanted to find Buttercup in his Christmas stocking (but he might have to speak to Bill McEwan first).

Yehudi's gal being far away, he penned her the following little passionate thought; nice sentiments, eh Santa?

"When you're away, I'm restless, lonely,
Wretched, bored, dejected; only
Here's the truth, my darling dear,
I feel the same when you are here."

Don't forget The Gateway office, Santa! Morley Tanner wouldn't answer when Yehudi asked him what he wanted—just got a far-away look—is it exams or just love?

Finally, Santa, if you're giving away games for Christmas, please, please don't include any draft boards.

Merry Xmas, Santa Claus.
Yours on behalf of the students,
YEHUDI.

Well, kids, Yehudi's done his best for you, and is hoping you all have such a good time during the holidays that there'll be lots of material for the next column, providing Yehudi is still with you next year. Hold the press—just got a message—Kay Kelly is taking the big step in the next few days—luck man, Don.

Christmas inspires Yehudi to rhyme—so:

"'Twas the week before Xmas and all thru' the night,
Burnt in each house an electric light,
The trunks were awaiting, all packed with care,
In hope that the holidays soon would be there,
The students were nestled all snug (with coffee)

at their desks,
While visions of term quizzes danced in their chest-ks,
And profs in their gowns and with a night-cap,
Had just settled themselves for a good game of crap.

Suddenly there arose such a clatter,
They all rushed to the window to see what was the matter.
And wasn't it too bad it was too dark to see anything???

Merry Christmas everybody.
YEHUDI.

So This is Nursing

By Midge Clendenan

"The Ku-Klux-Klan," screams a very new Freshie, as she spies white-clad figures, pouring from the doors of Steve's, as she returns from a late date.

"Oh, no," explains a patient senior, "they are nurses."

"But where are they going so early?" she insists.

For you, Freshie, and for anyone else who has ever given a thought to what these early risers do, we have written this article.

By 10:30 on most nights of the week the nursing population of both Steve's and Robertson Lodge, duly curled and bed-smeared with cream, are safely tucked in their beds. An hour and a half later, a few stragglers pound up the stairs with love-light gleaming in their eyes. This glow is accredited to the fact that only boys who really rate are dated for these precious hours. In a love-smitten condition, the late-leave users may scream and jump in ecstasy, but get neither reproach nor response from room-mates who could give Rip Van Winkle some stiff competition.

Any nurse will swear to it, that five minutes later the sound of many alarm clocks tears the air. In very few minutes the halls are as crowded as Tuck on Sunday night. Masters of the art of hurrying, they dress in a maximum time of five minutes. Stealing out into the blackness, the rustling of their aprons is the only sound breaking the stillness until the city awakens, two hours later.

At 6:30, all nurses on day duty assemble for roll-call, where if not asleep when her name is called, the student wins her late-leaves. And believe us, the D.F.C. was never more difficult to obtain. Next order of the day is breakfast. Here discussion strictly adheres to procedures of the previous evening.

Let us now follow a blue-clad nurse as she wends her way from the dining-room. Life for her during the next three years will, to a great extent, duplicate the pattern of those who have gone before her. After enrolment in the school, which may be made either in September or January, the novice is put on probation for six months. During this period she spends most of her time in lectures on fundamental medical subjects. Interspersed with her studies are several hours of ward-work every day. While engaged in the necessary, but menial tasks here, she learns the hospital routine and becomes more accustomed to dealing with patients, doctors and other nurses. Exams on preliminary subjects are written, and if passed and the student considered to be worthy by those in authority, she is presented with her

their immemorial lethargy to take an active part in the political life of China.

It is easier for a Canadian to fairly judge the qualities of Madam Chiang Kai-Shek than it is those of Mrs. Roosevelt, since judgment of any person as involved as deeply as Mrs. Roosevelt is in the nation's political life cannot fail to be tinged with partisanship. But those who disapprove of her must nevertheless agree with those who approve of her that she has great qualities of leadership among women, and that her great strength as a force in our national life rests firmly in her womanly ability to appeal to the heart as against the head, to the "instincts of a mother" rather than the reasoning of a father.

More and more women need to be put into the administrative and bureaucratic end of things. Women can and do most effectively call women to the colors. Women can, if they are given the chance, get the three million women still needed for victory.

"IF" for Girls

If you can hear the whispering about you
And never yield to deal in whispers too,
If you can bravely smile when loved ones doubt you
And never doubt, in turn, what loved ones do;
If you can keep a sweet and gentle spirit
In spite of fame or fortune, rank or place
And though you win with poise or lose with equal grace.

If you can meet with unbelief, believing,
And hallow in your heart a simple creed.
If you can meet deception, undecieving
And learn to look to God for all you need;
If you can be what girls should be to Mothers,
Chums in joy and comrades in distress,
And be unto others as you'd have the others
Be unto you—no more—no less.

If you can keep within your heart the power,
To say that firm unconquerable "No",
If you can brave a present shadowed hour,
Rather than yield to build a future woe;
If you can love, yet not let loving master,
But keep yourself within your own self's clasp,
And not let dreaming lead you to disaster,
Nor pity's fascination loose your grasp.

If you can lock your heart on confidences,
Nor ever needlessly in turn pretend,
If you can put behind you all pretenses,
Of mock humility or foolish pride,
If you can keep the simple homely virtue,
Of walking right with God, then have no fear
That anything in all the world can hurt you;
And which is more, you'll be a woman dear.

GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY

Tidings of glory! All the sky aflame
All heaven hymning one imperial
Name!

Radiant glimpses of a Throne, a crown,
All splendor focussed on one little town!

Tidings of joy, good tidings of great joy!

Supernal ecstasy without alloy!
The death of sorrow and the end of pain.

The bliss, bliss, bliss eternally to reign!

News of Salvation! Jesus, Saviour, Christ,
Bearer of mercy ample, and un-

priced.

Herald of freedom from the chains of sin,
Come to our hearts, Lord Jesus, enter in!

Tidings to all the people, yes, to all!
To kings and shepherds, to the great and small,

To rich and poor, to ignorant and wise,
To each his blessing from the liberal skies!

O for the ready eye and quickened ear,
The advent light to see, and song to hear!

To every man and woman, girl and boy,
In all the world, good tidings of great joy!

—Amos E. Wells.

works in the Diet Kitchen where graduate dietitians assist her in furthering her knowledge regarding food in relation to health and the preparation of special diets. Another phase is the Outdoor Clinic, where the nurse pursues her duties overtime, and gets a sample of life as it would have been had she chosen the career of a business girl. All B.Sc. students are given one month of duty in the isolation wing of the Royal Alexandra hospital. Here they gain experience in the technique used in caring for isolated cases.

These periods, when totalled up, add up to three years of training, and the theoretical and practical knowledge gained add up to the skill and efficiency of a well-trained nurse.

And so, dear student, give sometime a thought to the black-stockinged figure which plods in and out of your vision so many times. Under stiffly starched bibs beat many hearts of gold. Just remember, men, that your girl-friend's legs would probably receive no admiration should they be clad in black stockings.

We harbor no delusions of per-



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secution, however. If you are not sure that we feel proud of our profession, our hospital and those little old caps we wear, just ask the girl who owns one.

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WOMEN FOR VICTORY

With the man-power shortage still vitally acute, why aren't more women volunteering for war jobs? What step should the administration take to break this bottleneck?

Canadian women are justly proud of the vast number of their sisters in wartime industries and service, without whose help it would be impossible for Canada to supply the needs of its own armies and those of the allies. But Canadian women do not like to be told that, although millions of women have done a superb job, hundreds of thousands are still holding back in the war effort. They do not like to be told that today every able-bodied woman without small children or helpless dependents who is not doing an essential job in the nation's economy, is just as much of a slacker as any able-bodied man in the community without children who avoids an essential war job or wearing the

uniform of his country.

Because no adequate solution of the man-power shortage has yet been found, today we face the bleak prospect of the passage of a national service act designed to conscript every adult citizen on a wartime basis and thereafter to place him or her in some job where a wartime worker is needed. If such a bill passes it is sure to play hob with the family life of the nation. It might result in a grave wave of juvenile delinquency, loss of family morale, dislocation of thousands of homes and other social consequences that could plague us for several generations.

Yet the passage of such a bill may be unavoidable unless in the next few months 3,000,000 more women voluntarily go into industry to keep up production. One of the reasons for this discrepancy may be that the men who are in command of the

war program, out of misplaced chivalry, had psychology or mere inefficiency, have not made the urgency of women-power shortage over the nature of Canadian women's duty sufficiently clear.

One of the reasons why so many Canadian women still do not seem to realize that their duty is to defend their country on the home front and that they are shirking it, is because too much appeal to them has been done on a "glamour-cum-dough" basis. Of the hundreds of women in war factories, few of them have said they want the money. The majority are there because they want to do their part for their men who are on the fighting front.

If the appeal were made in realities to the Canadian women, there would soon be few women left who were not doing their full part in the war effort. It is believed that no man can, or will, make such an appeal to women. On the record, men will never willingly lead women on to battle. No, not even into battle on the home front if they can help it. Only women will really lead women into danger—and hardship—if that way lies their duty. And at present there is a startling dearth of women leadership in the government. Here are two outstanding examples of what women can accomplish as leaders of women—Madam Chiang Kai-Shek and Mrs. Roosevelt.

Of Madam Chiang Kai-Shek—the very fact that this woman has been almost a co-partner with her husband in the formulation of the destiny of one of the mightiest nations on earth will have a far-reaching influence for good down the ages. Only under the leadership of a woman could the women of China have been so stirred out of

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